

THE WOMEN SPEAK

by Marion Fairman



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THE WOMEN SPEAK

by MARION FAIRMAN

A series of five dramatic monologs spoken by
the women who knew Jesus

PRODUCTION NOTES

The monologues are designed to follow one another and may be staged in a variety of ways. The following are suggestions:

1. One each Sunday for five consecutive weeks, preceding or following a sermon on the Biblical material
2. One each Sunday for five consecutive weeks, in place of the sermon, adding the pertinent Scripture and the suggested music
3. In one program, Sunday or weekday, all five monologues, the characters following each other on stage, produced with or without the pertinent Scripture and suggested music
4. All five characters on stage at once, seated on stools or chairs, with scripts, produced as Reader's Theatre, with or without the pertinent Scripture and suggested music
5. One talented woman, using changes of scarves, with or without the scripture and music, may present the five monologues

MUSIC

In the script, several contemporary songs are suggested to accompany the monologues. Others, of course, may be substituted.

COSTUMES

It would, of course, be possible to dress the characters in the medieval version of Biblical clothes. Portraits might be studied for authentic details.

But because the language is contemporary, and the women are envisioned as speaking to a modern audience, the dress might well be fashioned for today. Let each woman wear a long dress and carry or wear a scarf or stole. Somewhere near the end of each monologue, the scarf should be placed about the head. For "The Woman at

Production Notes (cont'd)

the Well” and “Mary Magdalene,” where a change in character takes place, sew two scarves back to back, so it may be turned to a second color to symbolize the inner change.

Suggested Symbolic Colors:

MARY, the mother of Jesus — purple

ANNA, the prophetess — blue

The WOMAN AT THE WELL — red first, then white

PILATE’S WIFE — yellow

MARY MAGDALENE — brown or black, then green

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Mary, the Mother of Jesus

(Pertinent Scripture: Luke 1:25-2:56)

Yes, I can tell you about it — *(Hesitates.)* but it's not easy. I was alone that day in Nazareth. I sat by the open window, embroidering, my head bent over a linen tablecloth, dreaming, if you must know, about Joseph, the man I loved.

It was bright that morning — sunlight flooded the room. I looked out my window to rest my eyes upon the soft green of the olive groves by my father's house. I remembered, then, that Mother, before she had gone off to the groves with Father, had asked me to get some olive oil from the storeroom. I laid down the tablecloth and stood up, too quickly, perhaps. The room spun around. And the light grew unbearable. So much light I couldn't see my sittingroom.

(Losing herself in what she remembers) And then I heard a voice saying, "The Lord is with and has greatly blessed you." My eyes ached and I felt faint. I fell on the floor and put my face in my hands. I was afraid. Around me floated the voice, telling me I would become pregnant and give birth to a son.

My throat scratched, it was so dry. My hands trembled. Through my fingers, I stammered that I wasn't married. But the voice broke in, saying the Holy Spirit would come upon me. *(Abruptly coming back to the present time)* Oh, I know what that sounds like to you; I know what you are thinking. But somehow, he who had filled my room with light, gave me the inward vision to see his messenger. *(Again, losing herself in the memory)* Time became a distant sense like the throbbing of my pulse. *(Back to the present)* Whatever you may think, I believed. And I whispered, "May it

happen to me as you said.” Wings of shadow fell over me. But it was not dark! The light was dazzling. (*Rueful tone*) And then it passed. I blinked. And I saw my tablecloth lying on the chair, the needle stuck in the cloth where I had left it, everything the same. Everything, except me.

(*A remembered fear*) I shivered, suddenly cold. Just the week before, a woman in Nazareth had been killed by her husband, because she had smiled, only smiled, mind you, upon another man. I don’t mind telling you I was scared. Because of Joseph.

So I threw some clothes into a cloth bag and went off to my cousin Elizabeth’s in the country. Joseph would think that was odd. But still, he knew she had been asking me to come for a visit. And my parents had been urging me to go, to be a girl for a while longer before I married.

And when I got there — to Elizabeth’s, I mean — (*Brief laugh*) this is the really incredible thing — she was pregnant! Elizabeth — in her late fifties — much too old to have a baby. When she saw me, she greeted me and spoke of my unborn child, and there was no way she could have known to look at me. (*Flash of anger*) Well, I’m only telling you because you wanted to know. It sounds crazy — I admit it. It’s a mystery to me, too.

(*Remembering a delightful time*) Oh, but there in the country, the days drifted by. Elizabeth and I spent hours in her garden. We talked about everything, the way women do. But most of all, we talked about our unborn children, what they would be like, what they would become. And sometimes, as we sat there, a shadow would pass overhead, a cloud shading the sun. And I would look up, startled, and meet her eyes. (*Slowly*) And I would see a touch of fear in her eyes, a fear I know was mirrored in mine.

1 (*Rueful laugh*) Well, I don't mind telling you
 2 I would like to have stayed there. But the day finally
 3 came when I knew I had to go home to face Joseph.
 4 (*Sighs.*) Oh, was he angry! But, you see, he had no light.
 5 And his masculine pride was wounded. But he married
 6 me — he did. You think he didn't know what they were
 7 calling him? Of course he did. But he kept me virgin.
 8 That's the kind of man he was. That's how much he loved
 9 me. No wonder I loved him. Oh, we grew so close in
 10 those hard months, everybody pointing at me, whispering
 11 behind my back.

12 And then, as if things weren't bad enough, just
 13 before the child was to be born, the Romans appointed
 14 a new governor. You know all about new brooms
 15 sweeping clean. Well, Cyreneus changed the way we
 16 were to be taxed. Instead of the tax collectors coming to
 17 us, we had to go, each family group, to his ancestor's
 18 city. That meant we had to go to Bethlehem — the city
 19 of David. Joseph is of David's line. There wasn't any
 20 help for it; we had to go. I baked bread, dried meat
 21 and stuffed a sack with lentils. I knew we would need
 22 water, so I poured water from our well into two
 23 goatskins. Joseph threw a goat's hair blanket over the
 24 donkey for me to ride on. Joseph walked. We only had
 25 one donkey.

26 It's eighty miles to Bethlehem. We slept under trees,
 27 going along the eastern bank of the Jordan as far as
 28 Jericho, finally coming out of Samaria into the foothills
 29 of Judea.

30 That last night we walked on the great trunk
 31 road. We saw camels carrying the silks of Damascus and
 32 the gold of Arabia. And the smells of candied fruit
 33 mingled with the pickled fish from Galilee. That road
 34 was alive that starlit night, families traveling on camels,
 35 on donkeys. But mostly on foot. The little towns of

1 Judea gleamed darkly among the clefts of the mountains.
 2 And on the flatlands of the Sharon plains, lanterns
 3 twinkled. Just like it tells about in the Scriptures, like
 4 the campfires of a mighty host.

5 All around us, men grumbled. It wasn't the taxes
 6 so much, though no one likes taxes. It wasn't even the
 7 going to Bethlehem. But it was the census — Jews fear
 8 the counting of heads. And they didn't trust the Romans,
 9 either. One more reason for them to hate the Romans.
 10 Some day, they would mutter, looking over their
 11 shoulder into the shadows, someday a king would rise
 12 in Israel — a man would spring from David — a man
 13 who would drive the Romans away. And every man
 14 spit on the ground when he heard the word *Romans*.

15 (*Awe in her voice*) And I felt my child stir within
 16 me. I gazed up at the stars and shivered at the mystery
 17 of my destiny. And above the grumbling of men's
 18 voices, something brooded, wings whispered in the
 19 darkness.

20 Toward morning, we climbed the long steep road
 21 that leads to Jerusalem and passed that city, dark and
 22 cruel within its walls. It was hard going up the last five
 23 miles, south of Jerusalem, winding among the olive
 24 trees and the vines. I didn't want to tell Joseph, but my
 25 pains had started. Finally, my donkey trotted into
 26 Bethlehem, his hooves clattering over the flagstones
 27 of the narrow streets, streets where caves are hacked out
 28 of the rock. Above these manglers where the oxen stay,
 29 they had built rooms for guests. Joseph turned a sharp
 30 corner and stopped at a house to ask for a room.

31 (*Slowly*) But there was no room.

32 I bit my lip to keep from crying out, and thought
 33 longingly of the manger where the bodies of the oxen
 34 would give off heat to keep me warm through the
 35 coming dark. Then, through the streets of Bethlehem, we

could hear a large flock of lambs. They were coming from a place called Migdal Elder, the place where the lambs were gathered from all over Judea, before they were driven toward Jerusalem to the altars, where their blood would be spilled. The lead sheep balked at the sharp, narrow turn. Behind him, the lambs piled up. Some scrambled up over the rocks, bleating in terror. Joseph scooped up one of the lambs and handed it to me. I held it close.

The herdsmen, dark in their weather-worn blankets, cursed and scrambled up over the rocks, their sticks flailing the air. And in the early sunlight, when they stretched out their arms to take the lambs, their shadows fell on the manger in great, dark crosses.

There, in Bethlehem, carrying the lamb of God, I accepted both the light and the shadow that had deepened and would enrich my life. And for a brief moment, (*Slowly*) I understood the price of love.

(*Suggested song: "Christmas Song" by David H. Williams. [Lyrics begin "What child, what child?"] One of the Choral Folk Anthems, Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, Illinois 60187.*)

Anna, the Prophetess

(Pertinent Scripture: Luke 2:22-38)

A lot of you don't know me. Some of you never see people like me. My name? It's Anna. An old woman, you say? You're right — over a hundred! An old woman of the tribe of Asher, daughter of Phanuel! And I've lived here at the temple in Jerusalem ever since my husband died, over eighty years ago.

(Shaking her head) A hundred years! But I've had time — time you never had — maybe never will have — who knows — time to watch the setting sun dip behind these tall spires, time to see the evening shadows fall across these stone walls — time to count the stars that lighten the Judean sky — time to rejoice in each dawn that breaks in all its color. Have you that much time? Or, like so many I see, are you in too big a hurry to enjoy God's beauty?

Here in the temple on Mount Zion, I've lived through just about everything — long years of war — I've watched our men go out whole and strong — *(Slowly)* and I've watched them come home weak and broken. And I've ached over the women, like me, who stay at home to mourn.

No, I have no children. You feel sorry for me? Well, don't. It doesn't hurt anymore. I've lived long enough to accept what cannot be. But you see, I do have children. Parents bring their babies here to the temple forty days after they are born. That's the Jewish custom. They are my children — all children of my empty womb. From each woman, I steal a little, only a little. How could they miss such a little?

All these years, I've watched the children come. You see, I read the law every day. And I know there

1 will be born a king, a rod out of the stem of Jesse.
2 And so every day, I watch for that king, because he will
3 have to be presented here at the temple. A star flashed
4 into our sky not long ago, and that's a good sign. A
5 child, perhaps the child I've waited for, for so long.

6 *(Shivering a little, wrapping her arms about*
7 *herself)* The days grow dark; the foot of Rome falls
8 heavy upon the neck of the Jews.

9 *(Brightening)* But not dark. Yesterday, as I stood
10 at the gate called beautiful, I saw this woman and a tall,
11 dark man. Country people, they were, ill at ease here
12 in Jerusalem. The man carried a baby, a child wrapped in
13 a blanket. I watched them cross the large open space
14 *(Pointing, as though she saw it again)* there — inside the
15 temple walls — that's called the Court of the Gentiles.
16 They rested for a moment on the steps, that part that
17 isn't covered — stopped there in the sunshine. The
18 woman lifted the blanket on the baby. And when she
19 smiled, something about her face. I don't know. But
20 I did something I've never done in all these years. I
21 left the Beautiful Gate and started after them. They
22 walked up the twelve steps leading into the Court of the
23 Women — that's that high area like a terrace above the
24 outer court. And me, old Anna, hobbling along behind.

25 They saw Simeon standing by the altar, saying
26 the prayers, surrounded by all the mothers and fathers
27 who had already come to bring their children. The man
28 and the woman stopped and I heard the woman murmur,
29 "Oh, Joseph." And he took her hand and said, "Come
30 on, Mary. There's no turning back."

31 And then Simeon — Simeon? He's the priest
32 who circumcises the Jewish babies. Simeon stopped
33 his prayer — just like that, he stopped. And he turned
34 and walked through all the people waiting at the altar,
35 walked right up to the tall, dark man and the woman

called Mary. Simeon lifted the blanket and looked at the baby. He would look up at Mary and Joseph and then back at the baby. His old eyes shone with tears. And his voice trembled. And I heard him say, "Now Lord, you have kept your promise." And he lifted the child in his arms and walked with him to the altar.

The man and the woman said nothing. The husband looked dumbfounded at the floor. But Mary stared at Simeon, and as he talked on, she looked as though a sword had pierced her heart. And I went over beside Simeon and looked down at that child, a sleeping child, unconscious of all the joys and fears swirling around him.

Even through the temple walls, we could hear the tramp of Roman soldiers. Could it be when evil presses worst, is it then he comes? The one who frees men by secret way, the way not yet understood?

You smile at the fancies of an old woman? Whatever you think, I saw there the promised Messiah — the hope of Israel — the Redeemer of the world. There, wrapped in that blanket, I saw God!

(Her voice shaking) My life is blurring, no matter now. My eyes are almost gone, no matter now. *(In a new burst of energy)* You think these are the mutterings of the senile? The blind, staring at nothing, out of nothing? Oh, no, no. Let your eyes catch the light, the light that streams from a star over Bethlehem.

(Her voice failing) I can die now. Oh, let me die now. I pray to die now, for these old eyes have seen the king — the child who came as love.

(Suggested song: "He's Everything to Me," No. 2 in songbook, Sing In, A Charles Hansen Publication, in conjunction with Sacred Songs, Waco, Texas. Also No. 3 in Sing 'N' Celebrate, a songbook published by Word in Waco, Texas. Words and music by Ralph Carmichael.)

The Woman at the Well

(Pertinent Scripture: John 4:3-42)

I walked out of Sychar that day at noon, just that time when every rock in the Valley of Shechem blisters in heat. That time when we in Sychar long for shadows to lengthen and the cool winds of night to sweep down from the brown sides of Mount Gerizim. It had been a dry, dry season. Even the vineyards, watered faithfully by hand, drooped lifeless in the midday heat.

The pitcher felt heavy on my shoulder and my feet burned like hot coals through my sandals. What was I doing out there at noon? (*Hesitates.*) Well, if you have to know, at noon all the women of Sychar come to the village well. It's much too hot to come all the way out here to Jacob's well, although it's much the better water. (*Hesitates.*) Well, when I got near them, they turned up their noses and stopped talking. Some of them just turned their backs. So I stuck out my tongue at them and kept on walking. Oh, don't worry, I'm used to that.

On my way out of the village, I passed some strangers, some Jews. They turned their heads away when they passed me. Jews call us Samaritans half-breeds — that is, among other things, they call us half-breeds! But they don't mind cutting through Samaria when they travel between Judea and Galilee. The road north forks right at Jacob's well.

When I got close to Jacob's well, I could see a stranger, a man, sitting there. A Jew. I knew he was a Jew because of the fringe on his robe. And this Jew looked up and spoke to me! Now look, Jews don't speak to women. Some of them, the Pharisees, shut their

1 eyes when they see a woman. We call them the
2 “bruised and bleeding” Pharisees, because they go
3 crashing into walls and houses with their eyes shut!
4 Serves them right, I say.

5 But this Jew, he not only spoke to me, he asked
6 me a favor. Me, a woman and a Samaritan! Why, the
7 Samaritans have been fighting with Jews for four
8 hundred years, ever since the exile, when the Jews
9 rebuilt the temple of Solomon, at Jerusalem on Mount
10 Zion. We weren’t good enough to touch their precious
11 temple. Well, we showed them! We built one over
12 there on Mount Gerizim. They keep threatening to tear
13 that one down. I thought he and his friends had better
14 get on their way. It’s a brave Jew who would be found
15 lingering at dark in Shechem.

16 He asked me for a drink of water. I shook my
17 head *no*. I wasn’t about to give water to a Jew. I would
18 have run away, but I couldn’t go back to my man
19 without water.

20 He laughed a little when he saw me shake my
21 head. He said if I had asked him for water, he would
22 have given me “living water.” Well, everyone knows
23 running water is better than well water. But where was
24 he to get it? Well, no man gets the better of me.
25 I’ve known a lot of men. So I sassed him right back,
26 told him I didn’t see him carrying any bucket — huh,
27 the man didn’t even have a cup. And the well’s over
28 a hundred feet deep. Where would he get this “living”
29 water, I asked.

30 And then, before he could answer, I asked him
31 if he thought he was greater than Jacob, who gave *us*
32 the well. I knew that would get him. Jews don’t believe
33 Jacob is father to Samaritans. All the forefathers are
34 Jewish property, you know. I told him, I did.

35 But he didn’t get mad or anything. He just

1 laughed again. He's one of those Jews who like to talk
2 in riddles. He said if I drank the water he gave me,
3 I would never be thirsty again. Well, that sounded pretty
4 good to me, even if he was joking. I was so hot, I said
5 I'd take it. Imagine, if I were never thirsty again, I
6 would never have to walk out to Jacob's well at noon,
7 never have to walk past all those stuck-up women at the
8 village well.

9 And then (*Sighing*), do you know what he said?
10 "Go and get your husband, and come back." He looked
11 at me, his eyes seemed to sink into mine. Just when I
12 think I'm safe, somebody knows. Even a strange Jew.
13 Our souls are never, never safe from such eyes. Right?
14 The joke I had ready died on my lips. All I could
15 stammer was "I have no husband."

16 And then, as he went on, I stiffened; I could
17 feel the blood draining from my face. With his eyes on
18 me, kind but merciless, he told me about the five men
19 I had lived with and the one I live with now. I don't
20 know how he knew so much about me. The Jew was
21 right, I have no husband.

22 I tasted the ashes of my life in my mouth. I
23 felt faint and I bent over the well to get the coolness
24 of the water below on my face. And it was as if I could
25 see in the dark water beneath, my life. And I saw for
26 myself what I was. And I murmured, "You are a
27 prophet."

28 Oh, how I longed to taste that living water.
29 Now I knew what he meant. And I turned and I asked
30 where I should go to make sacrifice and to be forgiven,
31 to the Jewish temple on Mount Zion or to the Samaritan
32 temple on Mount Gerizim.

33 His eyes — I saw sympathy there. No one has
34 ever looked at me like that, certainly no man. He took
35 the heavy pitcher from me and set it down and said,

1 “It doesn’t matter; God is a spirit.” And I nodded. And
 2 I said, “When Christ comes, he will tell us all about
 3 that.” (*Slowly*) And do you know, it was to me, a
 4 Samaritan woman, an adultress, that he first said,
 5 “I, who talk to you, am he.” (*Changes color of scarf*
 6 *here from red to white.*)

7 I gasped, wondering if he knew what he was
 8 saying. And I saw his friends walking back from Sychar
 9 with food in their hands. I didn’t want to get him into
 10 trouble for talking to me. So I ran — ran back to
 11 Sychar. I knew there was no use talking to the women.
 12 They wouldn’t listen to me. So I ran to the village
 13 square where the men were eating their noonday meal.
 14 I told them about the man. I must have told it right,
 15 because the men gathered up their white robes and
 16 pulled them between their legs so they could run.
 17 And when they started to run — you know how it is —
 18 everyone started to run. And I ran the fastest of all.

19 When I came close to Jacob’s well, I saw
 20 the man with his friends. And I stopped to catch
 21 my breath and to wait for the others. And I heard the
 22 Jew say to his friends, “Don’t say it’s four months
 23 ’til harvest. Look, lift up your eyes. Look, the fields
 24 are white already for harvest.”

25 There were no fields in that dry valley ready
 26 for harvest, nothing white. Nothing white in all that
 27 brown valley of Shechem except the Samaritans in
 28 their white robes, a huge crowd strung out over the
 29 fields behind me all the way back to Sychar!

30
 31 (*Suggested song: “Fill my Cup, Lord,” by Richard*
 32 *Blanchard, arranged by Eugene Clark. No. 68 in*
 33 *Sing ‘N’ Celebrate, a songbook published by Word,*
 34 *Waco, Texas.*)
 35

Pilate's Wife

(Pertinent Scripture: Matthew 27:15-26)

Pilate says I should be happy here in the Herodian palace. But I like our palace down at Caeserea Phillipi by the sea a lot better.

But he insists that I have to come with him every year for the festival. So we came about a week ago to Jerusalem. What festival? Oh, the Passover, a Jewish feast time.

I guess I should be happy here, it's beautiful enough, all these walls of white marble, the floors paved with mosaic, everywhere I turn I see fountains and gardens. And I hear the cooing of white doves. And if I want tea, I can drink it from a silver cup. *(Sharply)* But I don't like it. This palace is haunted by the blood-stained ghosts of Herod's court. When I say that, Pilate laughs at me. He thinks I'm crazy. But I can feel them all around me.

From up here on my balcony, I can see all the open spaces of Jerusalem. All week, there have been people, people, people — a stream of Jews flowing into the Holy City.

Pilate's afraid of them — well, maybe not afraid. But when you get that many Jews together, he says, trouble starts. When we rode into Jerusalem last week, he sighed and said to me, "I wonder what new trouble will break out this year?" You see, he didn't get started off too well with the Jews. When Caesar appointed him procurator, Pilate didn't know anything much about Jews. And, frankly, he didn't care, either. He wouldn't take down the Roman eagles off the flag standards. The Jews hated them, called them idols. And when the city needed, water, Pilate built an aqueduct. And

1 that was all right. But to pay for it, he took the money
2 from the Temple treasury! And that was not all right.

3 Well, I woke up last night. And Pilate's bed
4 was empty. I called my servant and she said he had gone
5 to the Judgment Hall. That's part of the tower erected
6 by Herod the Great. It's up that way, in the upper
7 city, at the northwest of Temple Hill. And I knew he
8 wouldn't have gone in the middle of the night if there
9 hadn't been trouble.

10 We knew it was coming. The captain of the
11 twelfth legion was here last week before we got unpacked.
12 And he was here again last night. Last week, he told
13 Pilate the town was seething. And last night, he reported
14 a plot to arrest Jesus at the Passover time. When the
15 captain said the Sanhedrin was behind the plot, Pilate
16 turned white. See, last year, he broke into the Temple,
17 took Roman soldiers right into the temple. And with
18 their swords, they mixed Jewish blood with the blood
19 of the lambs they were sacrificing. A terrible riot broke
20 out. Pilate learned, yes, he learned you can push the
21 Sanhedrin just so far. When they discovered Pilate
22 reports directly to Caesar, not to the Roman Senate,
23 they threatened to tell Caesar. They didn't, not last
24 year. But they will, this time. Blackmail, that's what
25 it is.

26 When I finally fell back to sleep, I had this
27 terrible dream. Do you believe in dreams? Well, night
28 for me is a time of enchantment, a time of mystery.
29 It's a time of fever in my mind, a time I think when
30 a person can be reached by God. I believe in dreams.
31 Another Roman woman, during the ides of March,
32 had a dream — Julius Caesar's wife, Calpurnia. She
33 saw her husband before her. And he was covered
34 with wounds and streaming with blood. And
35 Calpurnia begged him not to go to the Roman

1 Senate. But he went. And he was assassinated. Yes,
2 I believe in dreams, all right.

3 In my dream, I saw the face of Jesus. How
4 did I know it was his face? Oh, I know him. I saw him
5 on the Via Dolorosa one day last week, the crowds
6 pressing all around him. They were singing *hosannah*.
7 And they were waving palm branches. And right below
8 this balcony, I saw him take a blind man by the hand,
9 draw him to his feet, and send him on his way. And
10 the man could see! And when I looked around, I
11 could see that man Jesus in the eyes of every blind
12 man. I've been lying awake a lot since then.

13 I must admit, that got to me. I felt like going
14 down and following him, too. But I didn't. Why not?
15 Well, look at my clothes. Clothes are by no means
16 flimsy when it comes to erecting barriers between
17 man and man. Besides that, I'm no Jew. I am a Roman
18 woman. And, of course, Pilate's wife. No, it would
19 never do. Still, sometimes —

20 But the dream, something in the dream was
21 threatening; behind the face of Jesus, I could see my
22 husband's face, all blurred and twisted. And when I
23 woke up again, my pillow was wet with tears and my
24 body damp with sweat. And I got up at once and
25 wrote a note to Pilate, pleading with him to have
26 nothing to do with that man. I told him about my
27 dream. And I signed it *Claudia*, for he alone calls me
28 that. And I called a soldier and sent him to Pilate
29 at the tower hall of Antonia.

30 And then there was nothing for me to do
31 but wait. I came out here to my balcony. I called
32 for a brazier of coals. And I've been standing here
33 in this ghastly darkness, trying to get warm. Even
34 my tears are ice. But I'm afraid it's too late. A while
35 ago, I heard the hobnailed sandals of the Roman troops

1 clattering down the rocks. And I saw the lanterns bobbing
2 at the ends of poles. We are lost, Pilate and I. (*Slowly*)
3 Somehow, we have lost ourselves.

4 I will put my scarlet on my lips, because if I
5 am pale, the Jews may think that I, the Roman Claudia,
6 am pale with fear. We had better go from this place.
7 Straight into hiding. While we have the time. (*Slowly*)
8 Oh, I am so cold. Somehow, I know I shall never
9 be warm again.

10
11
12 (*Suggested song: "Have You Met Jesus?" No. 12 in*
13 *Sing In. Words and music by William Gillam. Another*
14 *suggestion: "The Moment of Truth," from "Natural*
15 *High," words and music by Kurt Kaiser, No. 34 in*
16 *Sing 'N' Celebrate.*)

Mary Magdalene

*(Pertinent Scriptures: John 12:1-8,
John 19:25, John 20:1-18)*

Some men say I used to be — used to be, remember?! Well, I used to be a dancer of sorts. Danced in a pokey little bar, threadbare carpet on the floor, a room lit by smoky lamps. I would wave my arms and clash my cymbals, throw my head back so my hair would stream across my shoulders. I would make my eyes swim, a languishing look, so each man there thought I was dancing for him.

I could sing a little, too, not a good voice. But when I sang, I would drop my eyelids, so I looked half-asleep. When you sing that way, who pays attention to your voice?

Oh, you don't think much of me, right? Well, what would you have done if you'd been born a girl, in Magdala? We lived in a mud house on the bank of the Sea of Galilee, not far from Capernaum. House running over with kids, rags on their backs, food from garbage, flies, a filthy place, Magdala. Oh, some people in Magdala had money. The town sent tribute every year to the Temple at Jerusalem. But my family? Hah! We didn't have anything!

But even my dancing didn't last long. I got sick one night, dizzy. And I fell. So I lost my job. So . . . well, have you ever had to figure out how you would eat? *(Defensively)* So, I was a prostitute. I'm not proud of it. But that's what I did, so I could eat.

One night, a Pharisee sent for me to come to his house. He had guests coming, he said. I was to dance and sing and whatever else they might want he said. I took a little alabaster jar of perfume, it cost a lot. But men like perfume, and I thought maybe



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